

It was a grand scene, look around and take in the colors another morning in the new state.

"Coffee in the morning is how I wake up." I said aloud to myself.

"How quick."

"Satisfying for me."

The day was another one like many racist ideas and the lack of mechanical items fueled a scene of inequality.

"It is an excellent choice to make your company."

I practiced the speech I would give to my new promise in contract and the messenger sent to negotiate.

I was thinking everything out.

Notes, Papers, Language, and Political Campaigning.

It was natural, it was a family occupation.

" It reeks like bears and coyotes!" I said aloud to myself.

Practicing how to deter predators.

The roads of the Roman Empire had led me to the Southwest desert and I was becoming accustomed to it.

"I have an itch." Whispered my Conscience.

" Gathering Stone." I replied.

" I am grateful My heart does beat."

"Let every day be the same."

It was becoming common for me to talk to myself much of the general population was unhappy and unacceptant of the Governance and leadership.

It was dissapointing.

" I hate to tell you,I must to continue."

I would tell my friends.

"Although many would like to think otherwise."

I will prepare for the road ahead.

Giving up is a silly idea to me.

Young and full of ideas the budding idea of Social programming was a new path to personal contracting.

'Can I do it again?'

'Go against The riot's and corruption?'

It was a challenge I was ready to complete.